

CHANDAMAMA

APRIL 1979

Rs. 1.35



DADDY

MUMMY

AND...



I SKETCH THEM
ALL WITH MY

EKCO SKETCH PEN

Colours. Children love them.
They like drawing. Bring
out the latent talent in your
child. Present him/her an
attractive pouch of
EKCO SKETCH PENS.
They come in attractive
colours.



Distributors: **KIRON & CO.**
73/75 Channarayana Street, Bombay 400 002
Tel: 324452

Writing is a pleasure with EKCO SKETCH PENS



CHANDAMAMA camel

COLOUR CONTEST



No Entrance Fee

WIN PRIZES

- CAMEL—1ST PRIZE Rs. 15
- CAMEL—2ND PRIZE Rs. 10
- CAMEL—3RD PRIZE Rs. 5
- CAMEL—5 CONSOLATION PRIZES
- CAMEL—10 CERTIFICATES

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE



Only students upto the age of 12 years can participate. Colour the above picture in any of the 'Camel' colours. Send in your coloured entires at the following address.

P.B. No. 9928, COLABA, Bombay-400 005.

The results will be final and no correspondence regarding the same will be considered.

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

Send entries before: 30-4-1979

Please see that the complete picture is painted

CONTEST NO. 8

★ EDUCATIONAL
LEARNING CHARTS/BOOKS
★ CHILDREN LOVE THE FUN

FUN-N-COLOUR

★ DEVELOPS MANUAL SKILL
★ ENCOURAGES TO BE NEAT AND CAREFUL
★ ENTERTAINS FOR HOURS

WESTERN INDIA MFRS', AGENCY (P) LTD.
456, SARDAR V.P. ROAD, BOMBAY-400004
PHONE: 353010

WE INVITE
DEALERSHIP
OUTSIDE BOMBAY,
AND EXPORT
ENQUIRIES

MAKES
AN IDEAL
GIFT



PRINTED PLASTIC CHARTS/BOOKS CAN BE USED AGAIN AND AGAIN.
TO RE-COLOUR JUST WIPE WITH SOFT TISSUE OR CLOTH.

If you are a Subscriber . . .

We have many thousands of subscribers to CHANDAMAMA magazines, so all the envelopes have to be addressed by the 5th of the preceding month. So, you can see, it is very important that we are informed promptly of any change of address to ensure you receive your copy of the magazine without any delay.

DOLTON AGENCIES
'Chandamama Buildings'
MADRAS - 600 026



Your favourite... **NP DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM**



now
comes in new
international
packing

Yes, Kids! Here's good news for you. We are 'gooder' now (Oops, sorry, we are better now!). Naturally we are as much excited as you are. Because, we caught you on our new international wrapper in your most jovial spirit.

And that's not all, dears! We have improved the flavours that last longer. More bubbles, more fun with new NP Dubble Bubble Gum. Now you know why we are the 'Goodest'—We mean the 'Best'.

(Every packet contains a colourful picture of a Foreign car! Zoom away on a thrilling drive!)



THE NATIONAL PRODUCTS

135, Kavel Byrasandra, BANGALORE.



NP Bubble gums—the only bubble gums
with the ISI mark of quality.



ENJOY IN THIS ISSUE

- THE PRINCE AND THE WIZARD: Continuing our fiction of adventure and chivalry ... Page 11
- MINTOO MEETS MEENA: At last our dear boy has a human friend ... Page 17
- THE CURE FOR A SNOB: A liar feels ever guilty—tells this Jataka tale ... Page 19
- CINDERELLA: The children's classic that goes evergreen ... Page 26
- RAJA RAMMOHUN ROY: Story of a great crusader against the social evils ... Page 30
- A MORTAL AS KING OF HEAVEN: An ancient incident that lives as a warning ... Page 35
- TWO MOODS OF THE KING: An educative story from the Arabian Nights ... Page 39

PLUS SEVEN COMPLETE STORIES
AND FIVE OTHER FEATURES

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

अरुणवृक्षितं नापेक्षतिपुत्रं गृहमागते ।

छेदुः पारद्वयतां कायां मोषसंहरते इव ॥

Arūṇavṛkṣitaṁ nāpekṣatipuṭraṁ gṛhamāgate

Chetuḥ pārdvayatāṁ kāyāṁ mōṣasaṁharate iva

Extend your hospitality even to an enemy if he becomes your guest. A tree does not refrain from giving shade even to the fellow who is chopping it.

—The Hitopadeshak.

Printed by B. V. REDDI at Pressed Process Private Ltd. and published by B. VISWAMATHA REDDI for CHANDAMAMA CHILDREN'S TRUST FUND (Prop. of Chandamama Publications), 2 & 3, Arcot Road, Madras-600 028 (India). Controlling Editor: NAGI REDDI.

The stories, articles and designs contained herein are exclusive property of the Publishers and copying or adopting them in any manner will be dealt with according to law.





CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 9

APRIL 1979

No. 10

Founder: CHAKRAPANI

NAHUSHA'S QUESTION


In this issue the feature, "Story of India," presents the legend of King Nahusha. Power made the good king arrogant. It was a pity. He had to pay for his mental fall.

The feature tells you in what circumstance Nahusha put some questions to Yudhisthira. It is important to remember today the dialogue between Yudhisthira and Nahusha.

Nahusha asked Yudhisthira, "Who is a true Brahmin?" Yudhisthira answered that one who practises truthfulness, compassion, who purifies his consciousness of violence, and practises *tapasya* is a Brahmin.

Yudhisthira further said that when a person born in another caste develops these qualities, he too becomes a Brahmin.

This was the spirit behind the caste system. The system was very flexible. One's caste was determined more by one's aptitude and attitude than by one's mere birth.





Q. Who discovered America, really?

*P. Joshua, Kandukur,
Prakasam Dist.*

A. As is well known, Christopher Columbus, the Italian explorer, patronised by the King of Spain, reached South America in 1498. For a long time he was believed to be the man to 'discover' America to Europe.

However, it is an accepted fact now that centuries before Columbus, the American continent had been reached by Phoenicians and Vikings. (The seacoast area of Syria and Lebanon was known in ancient times as Phoenicia. 'Viking' means a "sea-warrior." The Vikings belonged to Scandinavia or Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Iceland.)

The first Phoenician to reach America is supposed to be Hanno. He lived eight centuries before Christ. Leif Ericson, the son of a Scandinavian king, had arrived in America about a thousand years ago.

There is also a theory that the Indian navigators had reached America even earlier. Many customs and religious rites practised in Mexico and a few other states seem to be only variations of the Hindu tradition. The mystery of this similarity is yet to be resolved.

So, it is not possible to say with certainty who really 'discovered' America. Needless to say, the continent had other names before it was called America, after Amerigo Vespucci, an Italian explorer. In the ancient documents different words must have been used to speak of America.

(Readers are requested not to send new questions for few months. Let your magazine find answers of that part of the backlog of questions.)





A MISSION THAT FAILED

Ravi had a quarrelsome wife. Disgusted with life in the family, one day he left his home.

He grew a beard and dressed as a mendicant. "I can have peace myself. Besides, I can help others through my advice," he thought.

While passing through a village, he saw a small crowd before a building. On enquiry he learnt that it was the house of a man who lent money to the needy on interest.

Ravi entered the house and told the money-lender, "Sonny! Don't you know that taking interest is a sin? Why do you need so much money? Can you

carry your wealth to the other world when you die?"

The money-lender smiled and said, "Mendicant! It is not for the first time that I am meeting a man who is eager to give useless advice. Money-lending is my business. It is as good as any other business. I don't charge unjust interest. Stop giving advice. If you are hungry, please go in. My wife is always happy to feed mendicants."

The good-natured Ravi realised that what the money-lender said was true. He decided to refrain from giving advice to people on their honest business.

Next day he saw a man sitting on the river-bank and weeping. He learnt that the man was crossing the river along with his wife. The wife was swept away in the current.

"Don't weep, sonny. Do you think that your wife would have wept like this if you had been swept away?" he asked.

"Shut up, you fool. Your wife might be a curse to you. What do you know of my wife?" blurted out the man.

Ravi found that what the man said was not untrue. He decided not to advise people on such sentimental matters.

A little later he saw a butcher

selling meat.

"Yours is not an honest business. The goat you killed will be reborn as a butcher. You will be reborn as a goat. He will then kill you and sell your meat," said Ravi to the butcher.

The butcher laughed and said, "The fact is different. I was a goat and the goat was a butcher in our previous lives. He had killed me then. That is why I killed him now. What kind of a holy man are you if you can't see this?"

Ravi now realised that to advise others was not an easy task. He shed his beard and returned home.



The Prince and the Wizard

(Badal accompanies the wizard into the latter's domain deep in the forest and proves his courage and bravery. Little can he imagine that the wizard intends to sacrifice him to the deity of the nether region, Patal Bairavi. Luckily, a fairy whom he unwittingly releases from her curse confides to him the wizard's motive. Badal succeeds in killing the wizard. He recovers the king's lost talisman. Over and above that, he is rewarded by the deity with a wonder bell.)

16

Often at night, when all was quiet, the royal couple strolled on the terrace of the castle, discussing the situation. A month was about to elapse since Badal's departure.

The chief astrologer of the court, who was much trusted by

the king and the queen, had not minced words. He had given the stern warning that unless the princess was married off soon, nothing could prevent a great disaster befalling her. Her destiny would alter only if she went over to another dy-





nasty.

Princess Pratiba passed most of her time alone, either in her room or inside the shrine.

"Why don't you allow me to die if my horoscope warrants that?" she told her mother.

The queen sympathised with her and silently shed tears on her account. She understood her daughter's true love for Badal, but she could not let her die. She must do everything to ward off the catastrophe that threatened her life. Her marriage, according to the wisest of astrologers, was the only solution.

Known to each other or un-

known, the king, the queen and the princess passed long hours gazing at the horizon, expecting to see Badal appearing all on a sudden. But such exercises ended up only in sighs.

The king, no doubt, had taken a great fascination for Badal. He was in a dilemma now. At last he convened a meeting of his ministers and the astrologers as well as a few prominent noblemen. The queen too was present. This assembly had lately been told all about the bad omens experienced by the queen and the loss of the sacred talisman.

And all the astrologers, in one voice, said what the chief astrologer had said earlier.

"Since it is a question of life and death with Pratiba, we cannot afford to wait for Badal," said the queen in a low tone.

"But, I am sure, it is not going to be easy to get a bridegroom comparable to that heroic youth..." murmured the king.

"You forget, my lord, that Samser, my nephew, is an eligible bridegroom and there is nothing against him..." whispered the queen.

The king laughed, interrupted the queen, and said,

dear queen, you have put it quite cleverly, I must say. There is nothing against him, just as there is nothing against this pillar here or that tree there. No, we have seen enough of Samser. He is out of the question."

The queen kept quiet, for she too had no more illusions about Samser.

"It will be sensible for us to convene a *Swayamvara* for the princess. Let her choose her life's partner from a gathering of eligible kings and princes," proposed the prime minister.

Suddenly Samser stormed in. He was on the other side of

the door, secretly listening to the proceedings of the meeting.

"Why are you all conspiring against me? Why should the princess marry someone else when I am available to her?" Samser demanded.

"Listen, my boy," said the king. "You cannot be happy with Pratiba. She does not appreciate your virtues, I am afraid."

"But I know she loves me!" asserted Samser. "Whenever she sees you or the queen she merely smiles. But whenever she sees me, she laughs!"

"In that case she ought to choose you of all who would





assemble for the *Swayamvara*. Nobody would bar you from joining the assembly," suggested the prime minister.

Before Samser had given his reaction, one of the palace guards came in and bowed to the royal couple and informed that a young man who claimed himself to be a certain Prince Badal's emissary wished to meet the king urgently.

The king's face brightened up. So was the queen's. But if the ministers and the others looked a bit intrigued, Samser looked disgusted.

The king asked the guard to let the emissary come in.

The emissary was none other than Ramu. He was well dressed and he looked smart.

"Hail to the king. I am the prime minister of Prince Badal, the heir to the throne of this kingdom," said Ramu as he greeted the king.

"This is nothing but sheer audacity. How can anybody but the one who would marry the princess be heir to the throne?" shouted Samser. Murmur too was heard from the assembly of ministers and noblemen.

"Where is Prince Badal?" asked the king.

"He is in his castle yonder," replied Ramu pointing at a hillock. "I am authorised by him to pass on this piece of good news to you that he has recovered the talisman and he would be pleased to restore it to you."

The king advanced towards the door and looked at the hillock. His face recorded surprise and delight.

"What a wonderful castle!" he uttered loudly. The ministers and noblemen pressed behind him and looked in the direction of the hillock. Some of them shrieked out their bewilderment. Others simply

gled their eyes. A magnificent castle crowned the top of the hillock that was barren only a moment ago!

"This is marvellous. But even then I don't understand how this emissary claims his master to be the heir to the throne of this kingdom," wondered one of the ministers.

"I shall tell you how," said the king himself. "It is a long story. To cut it short, Badal is the grandson of King Veersingh from whom my father won this kingdom. Badal, then an infant, had been saved by King Veersingh's faithful minister while the entire royal family

perished in the hands of my father. How I came to know Badal is a story which I should reserve for my court poets to narrate in a befitting manner."

The king paused for a moment and then resumed, "But let me tell you, my noble ministers and courtiers, that I had promised Badal the hand of the princess in marriage should he prove his merit by recovering my lost talisman. It seems, he has not only accomplished that task, but also had achieved something more, by the virtue of which he has been able to build this miraculous castle."

Ramu proudly stepped for-





ward and said, "My lord, Prince Badal has undergone untold hardship and most dangerous tests to fulfil his mission. Now, he would feel honoured if you are pleased to pay a visit to his castle."

"We shall do so," announced the king and, looking at the assembly, said, "I hope, my worthy friends would give me the pleasure of their company."

"By all means," exclaimed

the assembly in a chorus. Soon they trooped out of the palace. The king rode a horse. But instead of galloping forth, he trotted, keeping pace with his followers who walked behind him all the while marveling at the wonder that was the castle.

As soon as the party was on the hill-top Badal rushed out to receive it. The king hopped down and embraced him. There was hardly any exchange of words. Badal slowly brought out of his pocket the sacred talisman and handed it over to the king.

"Let me announce to this august assembly that this young man, Prince Badal, is the heir to my throne. I should expect all to look upon him accordingly," said the king, his voice tremulous with joy.

At once the ministers and the courtiers bowed to Badal.

A furlong away, below the hillock, the queen and Princess Pratiba were viewing the joyous scene from the balcony of the palace, themselves more joyous than all the rest.

To be continued.

THE PRINCE AND THE WIZARD is adapted from the popular movie, *Patal Bairavi*, the property of M/s. VIJAYA PRODUCTIONS PRIVATE LTD., Madras. Reproduction or imitation, in part or in full, in any manner and in any language, is strictly prohibited.

MINTOO MEETS MEENA

The river that flowed by the Sonbon forest was in spate. It looked terrible with its surging tides and whirlpools. Mintoo and Jhandoo looked at it with awe.



Suddenly Mintoo heard a human cry. A huge tree was floating by. On it sat a man, a woman and a small girl.



Mintoo jumped down and ran to his cave and returned with a long rope which the elephant-catchers had left behind. He threw one end of the rope at the floating tree.



The rope could not reach the tree. But at a hint from Jhandoo, he tied the rope to the monkey's waist. Jhandoo hopped onto a floating log, then onto a floating box and then onto the tree.





The man on the tree and his wife unfastened the rope off Jhandoo and tied it to the tree on which they sat.

Mintoo who held the other end of the rope, tried to pull the floating tree ashore. But the current in the river was very strong.



Just then arrived there the baby elephant, trumpeting. Mintoo ties the rope to him. The baby elephant, by walking into the forest, easily brought the tree to the shore.



The man helped his wife and Mintoo gave a helping hand to their daughter to come ashore. "What's your name?" he asked the girl. "Meena" she replied sweetly.

NEXT: MINTOO SHOWS HIS MAGIC!





LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

THE CURE FOR A SNOB

Once upon a time there lived a wealthy merchant in the city of Varanasi. He was none other than the Buddha in one of his previous incarnations.

The merchant's son used to go to school. He was escorted by a boy named Katahaka who was the son of a maidservant in the merchant's household. Katahaka carried the wooden slate for his master's son and waited at the entrance of the school. When the merchant's son came out of the school, Katahaka followed him home.

The merchant's son was affectionate towards Katahaka. Whatever he learnt, he imparted it to Katahaka.

Varanasi, the prosperous

city, had many merchants. But it was Katahaka's master alone who was known as the Merchant of Varanasi. So much famous and respected he was! Many noblemen visited the merchant's house. Katahaka imitated their conduct and styles of speech and learnt to behave in a refined manner.

Days passed. Katahaka grew up to be a young man. He did sundry works for his master's household.

But he was ambitious. One day he thought, "Must I remain a servant for ever? No. I must set my life on a different course."

He knew that his master had a dear friend in a faraway state.



who was famous as the Merchant of Pratyanta. The two friends had not met for many years, though they exchanged messages through couriers. Katahaka knew that the Merchant of Pratyanta had a daughter, his only child.

One day Katahaka slipped from his master's house. He walked for many days and reached Pratyanta. He then met the merchant and bowed to him with a show of respect.

"What do you want?" asked the merchant.

"I have come to pay respect to you at my father's bidding," replied Katahaka.

"Who is your father?"

"The Merchant of Varanasi!" replied Katahaka.

"What! I had only heard about my dear friend's son. How delighted I am to see him stand before me!" he exclaimed and hugged Katahaka.

Katahaka handed over a letter to him. The merchant read it with great interest. It said, "My dear friend, meet my son. If you find him eligible enough, why don't you marry your daughter to him?"

The letter bore the seal of the Merchant of Varanasi. Needless to say, the letter had been forged by Katahaka who had also managed to put his master's seal on it.

The Merchant of Pratyanta was looking for a suitable match for his daughter. Many in his own city desired to marry her. But since they belonged to his own city, the merchant knew their defects and that is why he rejected them, one after another.

Katahaka was a handsome young man and he looked quite intelligent too. Moreover, he was the son of a highly esteemed friend! The merchant lost no time in arranging his daughter's marriage with the young man.

It was all done in a haste.

The one to suffer for it was the merchant's daughter. Attended upon by a number of servants, kept in luxury, Katahaka soon lost his head. He always showed as if he had come from richer and more aristocratic stock and that is why he deserved much more than all that was done to please him. It was his wife before whom he found fault with food, drink, clothes, and the entertainments, and bragged about his own superior position.

At Varanasi, Katahaka's master felt much worried over his servant's disappearance. He sent his servants to look for him

at all possible places. But the fellow was not to be found.

A man from Varanasi who happened to visit Pratyanta heard from the local people that the Merchant of Varanasi's son had married the Merchant of Pratyanta's daughter. Curious, he went to meet the son-in-law. But as soon his eyes fell on Katahaka, he could guess the situation. He quietly returned to Varanasi and reported his discovery to Katahaka's master in confidence.

The merchant was shocked. He did not know how to undo the harm which his servant had done to his friend. How-



ever, he decided to undertake a journey to Pratyanta.

In a few days he was on the outskirts of Pratyanta and the news of his approach reached the merchant's house. While Katahaka's father-in-law was overjoyed, Katahaka himself was panicky.

After brooding over the situation for some time, Katahaka stood before his father-in-law and said, "Sir, courtesy demands that I go forward and receive my father before he enters the city."

"That should be in fitness of things," said the merchant.

Katahaka went out and met

his master in his camp. When his master's companions were away, he fell at his feet and wept and said, "My Master! Have mercy on me and pardon my adventure. I continue to remain your humble slave!"

The merchant was in a dilemma. Compassionate that he was, he took pity on his servant. Besides, he realised that to expose Katahaka's fraud would be to cause his friend shame and Katahaka's innocent wife endless anguish. He kept quiet on the issue during his stay at his friend's house. However, he hated Katahaka so much that he could not bear





THE ART THAT WORKED

Subhas was on his way to Navrangpur town. He was tired walking. His destination was still miles away.

"Only if I could get a lift in someone's carriage!" he told himself. And, to his joy, he saw a horse-drawn coach waiting near a roadside tree.

From the coachman he understood that the vehicle belonged to a wealthy merchant who too was on his way to Navrangpur.

Subhas felt happy. The merchant was alone. Subhas was sure that he won't mind giving him a lift.

The merchant relaxed under the tree. Subhas went near him and coughed. The merchant opened his eyes.

"Sir, will you kindly give me

a lift to Navrangpur?" he asked politely.

"No free lift. You have to pay five rupees," the merchant informed curtly.

"That is too high a fare for the distance. I shall be happy to give you one rupee. Besides, I know a certain art with which I can entertain you," proposed Subhas.

Once more the merchant opened his eyes with contempt. A smile was displayed by him. But the smile only betrayed him annoyance.

"Who is interested in your art? Can your art carry you to Navrangpur?" blurted out the merchant and he closed his eyes again.

Subhas went away silently.



Two minutes passed. Suddenly the merchant sat up and asked the coachman, "What sound is this?"

The coachman was already shivering. "Master, this sounds like a tiger's roar!"

"What, what did you say?" the merchant asked nervously.

The coachman who was busy harnessing the horse, muttered, "I'm sure, sir, this is nothing but a tiger's roar."

Just then the roar was heard once more. The merchant too had begun shivering.

"It is not wise to wait a moment more in this lonely place. The roar seems to be coming nearer," he observed.

The merchant jumped into his coach and shouted at the coachman, "Drive on, quick!"

The coachman drove as fast

as he could. It was dusk when they reached Navrangpur. The merchant had just stepped into the guest-house where he was to stay when the coachman handed over to him a scrap of paper and some coins tied in a piece of cloth. Someone seemed to have thrown them into the coach.

The merchant read the note. It said, "Sir, you asked me if my art could carry me to Navrangpur. It did. I gave out the tiger's roar. I know the art of mimicry well. As soon as your coach started, I took my position on the bar behind the coach. I reached safe. Here is the one rupee I had promised."

The merchant did not know whether to shout or cry. He tore the letter to pieces. He looked out. But Subhas was not to be seen.





CINDERELLA

Once upon a time there was a little girl who worked hard all the day and till late at night, washing clothes and cleaning dishes and scrubbing the floor. She was called Cinderella.

But her two sisters spent their time singing, dancing, playing, and teasing Cinderella.

Cinderella had no mother while the other two had. And the stepmother was as unkind to Cinderella as the stepsisters were.

The prince (and mind you, he was the most eligible bridegroom in the kingdom) once decided to throw parties for noblemen and ladies, over two evenings. Cinderella's two sisters were invited, but not Cinderella, for, the prince never knew that she existed.

For two days before the party, the two sisters hardly did a thing except preparing for the evening. Then, grandiosely dressed, they went out to the palace, casting contemptuous looks at their poor stepsister.

Alone at home, Cinderella felt like weeping.

"You too would like to go to the party, would you?" asked

a voice. She was a fairy who was Cinderella's godmother. She cut a pumpkin and, by her magic wand, changed its shell into a lovely coach. Out of six mice she made six elegant horses. A rat with impressive whiskers was changed into the coachman. Six lizards were made into six lackeys to stand at the back of the coach.

And, of course, Cinderella's clothes were turned into an excellent set of dress. And the fairy gave her a pair of charming glass slippers.

"A wonderful princess arrives!" someone whispered when Cinderella stepped into the palace hall. All eyes were set on her. The prince talked to her alone and danced with her.

But her godmother had asked her to leave the palace before midnight. When the clock struck quarter to twelve, Cinderella muttered a hurried goodbye to all and jumped into her coach and sped away.

Her sisters returned home a little later. They were agog with the story of the wonderful princess. They pitied Cinderella for her missing the sight.



But before leaving the palace, Cinderella had promised the prince that she would come there again the next night. Soon after her sisters left for the palace, her godmother did the magic for her once more and she was in the hall again. Again she was the centre of attraction for all. Somehow she forgot time and remembered it only when the clock began to strike twelve. She ran for home. In the hurry, she left behind one of her slippers.

Soon a party of royal officers were seen roaming about with the slipper, looking for its owner.

And in due course they visited Cinderella's house. Needless to say, they came to try the slipper on the feet of her sisters.

But when it did not fit them, quietly Cinderella stepped forward.

Her sisters laughed. So did most of the officers. But the leader of the party was wiser. He saw how beautiful Cinderella was. He tried the slipper on her. It fitted her and quietly she brought out the other one too! And the godmother appeared on the scene and, with the magic wand, changed her clothes into the most fascinating clothes that had ever been known.

Cinderella was married to the prince. And she arranged for two noblemen to marry her sisters.

Cinderella was written by Charles Perrault (1628-1703), the French writer.



The Youngest Heroes

HERCULES

In the mythologies of the world there are several instances of heroic deeds performed by very young heroes. The most famous among such heroes whom the mythologies of Greece and Rome mention is Hercules.

Hercules was only a few months old when Juno, a goddess, grew jealous of him and sent a pair of monstrous serpents to kill him. But the heroic child, far from getting afraid of the hissing creatures, seized them in both his hands. Under his iron grips, the serpents were squeezed to death.



INTERNATIONAL



in Mythology

CHYAVANA

But younger even than Hercules was Chyavana of the Indian mythology, at the time of performing the most remarkable heroic deed of his life. In fact, he is the youngest hero in the mythologies of the world.

Chyavana was still in the womb when her mother, Puloma, the wife of the sage Bhrgu, was taken hold of by a demon. Bhrgu was not at home. The demon tried to carry her away forcibly. She cried out for help. But her cries only made the demon laugh.

"There is nobody near about to come to your rescue. Besides, who would dare to challenge me?" said the demon boastfully.

Instantly a flash dazzled the demon. He stood blinded for a moment. When he was able

to see things again, he was bewildered to see a luminous infant standing before him. The infant, the son of Puloma, had come out of his mother's womb to accept the demon's challenge.

A single slap from the child threw the demon flat on the ground. He was dead!



CHILDREN'S YEAR '79

This scene occurred about two hundred years ago:

A gentleman belonging to a village in Bengal was dead. His body was being carried to the cremation ground on the river. Many were going with the dead-body. Among them was a weeping woman, the widow of the deceased.

A boy, also weeping, came running to the woman and clasping her hands in his own, said, "Sister-in-law, come back, you must not go farther with them!"

"How do you say so, child? I have to go, never to return! That is the custom!" she said.

But the boy wouldn't leave her easily. "It is a meaningless custom. Your husband's death is sad enough. Over and above that, why should you make us sadder by dying?" demanded the boy.

The widow had no answer. She sighed and kept quiet.

Soon the party was on the cremation ground. The woman submitted herself to be tied down to the funeral pyre.

The boy shouted again, asking the elders to let her live and

pleading with her to choose to live. Whatever be the widow's attitude, the elders shouted down the boy. Drums began to be beaten and fire was put to the heap of logs.

The boy, crying, and running away, could hear a shriek from the flames. The blazing fire had obliged the widow to call out to be rescued. But her appeal went unheeded, drowned in the sound of drums. The tradition of *Sutti* was upheld.

The boy, Rammohun, was never to forget the incident. Born in 1772, son of a small zamindar, of a Bengal Village, he received a good education at Patna and Varanasi. But on returning home, he proved himself a rebel. A sincere study of India's scriptures had convinced him that the practice of *Sutti* and several other rites had nothing to do with the great spiritual tradition of India. They were the symptoms of a diseased society.

Sutti, according to which a wife sacrificed herself on the funeral pyre of her husband, might have had its origin

some peculiar circumstance. It might have been the outcome of a highly idealistic zeal. But once the society had made it compulsory, it had lost all its justification. It was nothing but cruelty.

Rammohun also viewed the worship of numerous idols as wrong. There was only one God. Multiplication of rituals only diverted man from the true spirit of religion.

Rammohun's views offended not only the orthodox people of his village, but also his parents. They tried various means to persuade him to live as a goody-goody man. But that was not to be. His only satisfaction lay in fighting for the truth.

He was married. With his small family, he moved away to Bhagalpur. He took up a job with the East India Company and was later transferred to Rangpur. The magistrate of Rangpur, Mr. Digby, appreciated Rammohun's wisdom and encouraged him in his views.

After Digby left India in 1914, Rammohun resigned his job and settled down in Calcutta. Then onward the reformation of the society was his only mission. He attracted a few friends, but made many enemies. He and his friends roamed about in the cremation grounds around Calcutta, dissuading the mourners from burning the widows. The success was small and risks they ran were great.



But they never gave up.

The government was run by the East India Company. The English officers of the company did not help Rammohun much as they were afraid of incurring the displeasure of the natives.

To win the support of the educated people, Rammohun published a newspaper. He also wrote several books explaining the true meaning of religion. By and by he won the sympathy of the educated masses and the government. In 1829 the practice of *Sutti* was banned.

It was a great victory, but for Rammohun much more remained to be done. In 1830 he founded the Brahmo Sabha. It

was an organisation to stress the oneness of God. He did not mean to found a new religion, but to uphold the basic vision of the Hindu religion. Again he faced severe opposition, but that only tested his determination, could not destroy it.

"Rammohun claims that there is only one Brahmo. Let us try his faith in the Brahmo," two of his friends privately discussed one day. While Rammohun sat in his study, absorbed in reading a book, and the two friends sat before him, a man brought him a message saying that his son was dead.

Only for a moment Rammohun's face looked pale upon reading the message. But



A MORTAL AS KING OF HEAVAN

Once Indra, the king of heaven, was beset with melancholy, so much so, that he retired into a lake and lay almost unconscious. Heaven was without a ruler.



On earth there was a king named Nahusha. There was nobody equal to him in nobleness. He had proved his braveness by killing the terrible demon, Tunda. But he passed his time meditating.



The throne of the kingdom of heaven could not be left vacant for long. Gods and rishis conferred among themselves and decided to request the godly king to ascend the throne of heaven.



Nahusha was first reluctant to accept the offer. But the gods and rishis prevailed upon him. He went over to heaven and occupied Indra's throne. Thus, a mortal became the king of gods.

At first Nahusha conducted himself with humility. But as time passed, pride took hold of him. One day he happened to see Sachi, the queen of Indra.



Back in the court, Nahusha told his counsellors that since he was in Indra's position, he deserved to have Sachi for his queen. The gods felt uneasy at the proposal.



he looked calm and composed the very next moment and resumed reading.

"His faith in Brahmo is great, indeed. That is why no worldly catastrophe can touch him," said the friends who had arranged for the false message to be brought. They fell at his feet and apologised.

Rammohun pleaded in favour of Indians learning English. That alone, he knew, would keep the people in touch with the wide world and the progress of the country would be ensured. The Government, at first reluctant to teach English to Indians, slowly changed its policy.

In 1830, the Mughal Emperor of Delhi, Akbar II, bestowed the title of Raja on Rammohun

and sent him to England as his ambassador. In England Rammohun received great attention and respect. His magnificent personality, kind and truthful nature, won him many friends among the elite of the British society.

Before the British politicians he pleaded for reformations in India. He also interpreted the true Indian spirit to them. He was far more than the Mughal Emperor's ambassador; he was the first ambassador abroad of Mother India.

He died while in England, in 1833. His grave is to be found in Arno's vale cemetery near Bristol. Dwarkanath Tagore built a beautiful monument over it in 1847.



A Drunkard's Promise

There was a wood-cutter who had taken to drinking. He could not pass a single day without taking wine.

The goddess of the forest pitied him. She often appeared before him and said, "Nobody believes a drunkard. Give up the bad habit and become respectable."

One day, while working, the wood-cutter saw a pool. "Only if the water of this pool turned wine! I could drink to my heart's content for today and then give up drinking forever," he said. At once he heard a voice informing him that the water had become wine.

The fellow drank and drank and returned home late at night.

Two days later, when he was back in the forest again, it was seen that he had come drunk.

"You had promised to give up drinking, hadn't you?" asked the goddess.

"How could you believe a drunkard, mother?" replied the wood-cutter.



When Queen Sachi heard of Nahusha's desire, she became sad and annoyed. She went to the dwelling of Brihaspati, the guru of the gods, feeling humiliated.



At the guru's advice, Sachi sent word to Nahusha that she would consider his proposal only if he comes to meet her seated in a palanquin borne by the *Saptarishi*, the Seven Great Rishis.

Among the Rishis was Agastya, shorter than the others and slow. The proud Nahusha, eager to reach the destination soon, planted a kick on him.





Agastya, calm and quiet so long, uttered a curse saying that since the king had used his leg so stupidly, he deserved to be changed into a legless creature. Instantly the king turned into a serpent and fell from heaven.

However, the compassionate Agastya rescinded his curse saying that in future a great soul would save him. A long time passed. One day the serpent caught hold of Bhima when the Pandavas were in the forest.



Yudhishthira found Bhima in that condition and asked the serpent to release him. The serpent said that it would do so if Yudhishthira can answer its questions. Yudhishthira met the challenge successfully. Bhima was released and Nehusha was released from his curse.



Once upon a time there was a certain king. He was young and smart. One day he rode out for hunting. But just as he approached the forest he saw a lovely deer and chased it.

The deer kept on running at high speed, often making sudden turns. The king's followers could not keep pace with their master. The king at last lost sight of the deer. By then he was feeling extremely thirsty.

A small village attracted his attention. He led his horse

towards it. The situation of the village was beautiful. The coolness of the shady trees refreshed the king.

Upon entering the village, he dismounted before a farmer's house. There was nobody in the house excepting the farmer's young daughter.

The girl greeted the king. The king felt happy and said that he was thirsty and that he would like to have something to drink as soon as possible. The girl bade him sit and in a short



while returned with a bowl filled to its brim with sugarcane juice.

The king derived great satisfaction from drinking the juice. He thanked the girl and asked her how many sugarcanes she had squeezed.

"Only one," replied the girl.

"Really? That means the villagers here raise an excellent crop. Can you tell me how much they pay as tax to the king?" asked the guest.

The girl happened to know the amount. She spoke it out.

"Hm!" The king looked grave. He thought the amount to be quite low when compared with the rich kind of crops the

villagers were enjoying.

He thanked the girl again and hopped onto his horse. He roamed about for an hour or two in the area and felt more and more sure that the villagers were paying him less tax than they should.

On his way back, he entered the village again. In fact, he was feeling a desire to meet the girl once more.

"Before going away, I shall like to have another bowlful of juice," he told the girl, standing before her house.

"Why not! I shall prepare the juice in a moment," said the girl and she entered her house.



The king waited. The girl returned a little late. The bowl she brought did not seem to be quite full.

"You took more time than expected!" remarked the king.

"True," said the girl shyly.

"But why?"

The girl kept quiet. But the king, eager to make her talk, urged on for a reply.

At last spoke the girl, "I had to squeeze several sugarcanes to bring out this much juice."

"How is that? Only one sugarcane had given more juice than this a little while ago!" said the king, a bit surprised.

"I am afraid, O honoured guest, that the sugarcanes have

behaved according to your mood. First time, I believe, you were feeling happy and grateful to be here, after a long travel. It gave you more juice. I cannot say what is in your mind now. But it seems you are not in the same mood," replied the girl.

The king felt ashamed of himself. No more did he give any thought to enhancing the tax the village used to pay.

Moreover, the memory of his meeting with the girl and her hospitality and her wisdom lingered in his mind. He married her. As the queen, she gave him much support in ruling the land in an ideal manner.



AT LAST!

In days gone by there was a wealthy merchant. Once it was proved that he had sold potfuls of adulterated ghee. The local judge ordered that he should be made to drink a potful of adulterated ghee as punishment.

The merchant appealed to the governor. The governor decided that he should either drink the ghee or should receive a hundred whips.

He appealed to the king. The king took pity and said that he can avoid any of these punishments by paying a fine of a thousand rupees. The king was sure that being very rich, he would be glad to pay the fine.

But the merchant preferred to drink the ghee. He tried hard, but could drink only half. He then chose to be whipped. But after fifty whips he could bear it no more. At last he paid up the fine!





THE GHOUL AT SUBALPUR

Sudhakar was the only merchant in the large village of Subalpur. He was a clever man. Unfortunately, he used his cleverness only to exploit the people. He swindled the villagers through several means. One of those means was to lend them money at a high rate of interest, against the jewellery which the borrowers pledged with him. Generally the borrowers failed to pay the loans which swelled with interest, on the promised day. The jewellery they pledged became Sudhakar's property.

Sudhakar died, rather suddenly, of a heart attack. After his funeral rites were over, his

only son, Rangu, opened his trunk. What he saw amazed him. The trunk was bursting with gold ornaments and silver coins.

The sight of the wealth scared Rangu much more than it delighted him. His father had many foes. He was afraid, some of them would try to steal the wealth. His home was not a safe place for so much treasure.

He could not sleep at night. He thought deeply about doing something to put an end to his anxiety.

At last a novel idea struck him. Just outside the village stood an old banyan tree.



it is, the tree was known to be the dwelling place of a number of ghosts. Now, Rangu told some villagers that he had seen a ghoulish figure roaming around the tree. He also confided to them his suspicion that it was his father, Sudhakar, whose spirit had turned a ghoulish!

What Rangu told a few people, soon became the talk of the village. At night several villagers noticed a white figure sitting on a branch of the tree, dangling its legs, or just circling the tree in an easy stroll.

There was panic in the village. Rangu took note of the situation and was quite happy. It

was of his making. He had buried his father's treasure under the tree. At night he donned a white gown and loitered around the tree, or sat on a branch. Nobody dared to go near the tree. That made the buried treasure safe. He knew that after a few days it would not be necessary for him to pose as the ghoulish figure, for, nobody would come out to the open at night.

His speculation proved correct. Soon people stopped coming out after the nightfall, the village became the haunt of thieves. They freely stole away cows from sheds and crop from the fields.

The villagers even stopped going to the weekly market which was situated some miles away. That was because it became dark by the time they returned from the market and they had to pass by the banyan tree. This was a boon for Rangu. He could sell goods at his shop at twice the normal profit.

It was at this stage that Govind, the wanderer, reached Subalpur, followed by his dog. Soon he heard from the villagers all about the ghoulish figure. Immediately he took a vow to rid the poor villagers of the

menace.

To begin with, he took note of what the people believed—that it was Sudhakar's spirit that had turned a ghoul. As soon as it was dark, he stealthily climbed the banyan tree and waited.

After an hour he saw a man approaching the tree. The man had brought a packet with him. Standing under the tree, he unfolded the packet. It was a white gown. The man donned it and then strolled there in a leisurely manner for about two hours. Then he took off the gown, folded it, and began walking into the village.

Govind slowly got down and followed the fellow. He took note of the house which the fellow entered.

In the morning Govind enquired and learnt that the house was the late Sudhakar's. He also learnt what kind of a man Sudhakar was. Slowly things began to get clear in his mind.

Govind went behind the village temple and put on a set of false beard and moustachio. Then he went to Sudhakar's house.

"Are you there, Sudhakar?" he called out.

"Who are you?" asked the surprised Rangu, coming out to





the veranda.

"I am Jogi Chowdhury's son. You are Sudhakar's son, I suppose! Where is he?" asked Govind, taking seat inside Rangu's house.

"My father is no more!" informed Rangu.

"I see! That explains why he failed to return us the ten thousand rupees which he borrowed from my father when he was in the town last. But you are there to pay on his behalf just as I am here to receive on behalf of my late father. Please arrange to pay back the amount," said Govind.

Rangu was surprised.

Govind acted in such a natural manner that it was difficult to think that he was lying. At the same time Rangu could not think of handing over ten thousand rupees to a stranger at his mere asking!

"Gentleman, I know nothing of the loan. In any case, I am not in a position to pay you the amount because I have no money to pay!" said Rangu.

"Don't try to bluff me. Your father collected a heap of jewellery from the people. You can pass on to me some of them!" said Govind.

"Come and see for yourself all the nooks and corners of my house. If there is any jewellery, you can carry them home!" declared Rangu with enthusiasm. He then dragged Govind into all the rooms in his house and proved that there was no trunk or box in the house which could contain anything valuable.

Govind smiled to himself. He understood that Rangu was so brave in showing his house because he hid his wealth elsewhere.

"I don't care to know what you have and what you don't have. You must pay back your father had borrowed." Govind said.

Why don't you sell your house?" demanded Govind.

"Look here, gentleman, don't try to hoodwink me. You ought to know that my father's spirit has turned into a ghoul. If I report your conduct to the spirit, he would crack your head!" said Rangu.

Govind burst into a hearty laugh and then said, "I am happy to hear this. My father's spirit too has turned into a ghoul. As a ghoul he has succeeded in realising our dues from several people like you. Let me then bring your case to his notice. Let my father's spirit come and tackle your

father's spirit. Beware of the consequence!"

Govind left Rangu's house, leaving Rangu in a pitiable state of mind. Rangu had found it easy to scare human beings under the guise of a ghoul. But how can he stand a real ghoul if it comes to confront him?

He decided to bring the buried treasure back home so that he would not have to guard it any more. He was afraid of Jogi Chowdhury's spirit meeting him under the banyan tree.

For the last time he went near the banyan tree. It was the dead of night. Although he





covered himself with the white gown, he was shivering inside.

He sat down and dug out the treasure. Just then someone gave out a fearful cry and jumped from the tree and grabbed him. He was Govind. Rangu was too frightened to struggle. Govind bound him to the tree. Instructing his faithful dog to guard the captive, Govind ran into the village and shouted, "Come out, friends, and enjoy a glimpse of your ghoul!"

Soon he gathered a number of villagers who followed him to

the banyan tree.

"You! Rangu!" they exclaimed when Govind removed the mask from Rangu's face.

"Rangu, you too have suffered much on account of this sinful treasure. Why not use it for a noble purpose and live in peace?" Govind proposed.

Rangu agreed to spend the treasure for founding a school and a dispensary. All were happy. In fact, Rangu himself was quite happy.

Govind took to the road again.

We regret that in Page 38 of the March 1979 number of your magazine the texts that went with the pictures were incorrectly placed. Please read the last text with the first picture, the first text with the second picture and the middle text with the last picture.

—Chandamama



The Astrologer's Destiny

The king of Avanti decided to appoint an astrologer in his court. A day was announced for the selection.

There were many candidates for the position. But the king did not see Vishnu Sharma, a well-known astrologer, among them. He sent for him.

Vishnu Sharma arrived soon. The king asked him, "Why did you not come for the selection?"

"My lord, my horoscope tells me that I am destined to get the position. Why should I take the trouble of coming for the selection? If these astrologers could not know that they were to go back disappointed, how much do they know of astrology?" observed Vishnu Sharma. The other candidates stood with their heads hung.

Needless to say, Vishnu Sharma was appointed to the position.



WEALTH FROM WASTELAND

Gopal Krishna was poor, but he was willing to work hard. On the border of his village there were several acres of land which lay waste. They belonged to the zamindar.

"Sir, give me five acres of the wasteland. I will pay you the price in a few years," Gopal Krishna proposed to the zamindar. But the zamindar did not agree to the proposal. He demanded five hundred rupees immediately.

A month passed. One day Gopal Krishna confided to the zamindar, "I dreamed that there is a hidden treasure in the wasteland. If you let me dig it out, I can pay the price of the land from the treasure."

"You give me the whole treasure and take five acres of land," said the zamindar.

Gopal Krishna led the zamindar to the wasteland and dug out an earthen pot. Its mouth was sealed. On the seal was inscribed: "Open it five years after its discovery. Should you open it earlier, the diamonds would turn into glass."

The delighted zamindar gave five acres of land to Gopal Krishna and preserved the pot. Four years passed. His drunken son broke the pot one night. Pieces of glass came out.

The zamindar broke into tears. However, Gopal Krishna gave him five hundred rupees as the price of his land. That was some consolation.

Gopal Krishna had buried the pot. And, in four years, he had been able to raise enough from the lands to pay the price.





THE SAGA OF SHIVA

King Himavan and his queen stood for long before the meditative Shiva on Mount Kailash. At last Shiva opened his eyes and, with a compassionate smile, said, "O Himavan, the spirit-incarnate of the Himalayas, I am immensely pleased with you. That is why I have chosen one of your peaks for my dwelling."

"O God, it is my good luck that you have made my domain your home. I remain constantly watchful so that your trance is not disturbed," said Himavan.

"You are a noble soul, Himavan, I would very much like to grant you a boon. What would please you?" asked Shiva.

"I have a daughter named Parvati, who is a great devotee of yours. Grant her the privilege to serve you," replied Himavan.

"Accustomed to live alone,

I hardly need any service. Besides, I won't like the princess to take any trouble," said Shiva.

"O Lord, my daughter is no ordinary princess. She is born with the blessings of the Divine Mother. Far from being any trouble to her, the opportunity to serve you would be the greatest joy to her. Hence, kindly allow her to attend upon you," pleaded Himavan.

Needless to say, King Himavan very much desired that Shiva should marry Parvati. This was the pressing reason behind it:

There was a great demon-king named Vajranga. He was an ardent worshipper of Brahma. It was at Brahma's instance that he had married a charming damsel named Varangi.

Vajranga, who had conquered much of the earth, ruled the lands well, but never ceasing

to worship his deity. Varangi was keen to serve her husband.

"Tell me, my dear wife, what would please you most?" one day Vajranga asked Varangi.

"I desire to be the mother of such a hero who can defeat the gods and conquer heaven!" said Varangi.

It cannot be said that Vajranga was quite pleased with his wife's desire. He knew that to have such a son would amount to inviting Vishnu's wrath, for Vishnu would not let a demon who would harass the gods to live long.

However, he could not go back on his word. He must fulfil his wife's desire. He sat down for penance and succeeded in invoking Brahma's pre-

sence.

"My son, deep is your devotion to me. What do you wish to have from me?" asked Brahma.

"Lord! My wife desires to have a son who can be victorious over the gods. I pray, do fulfil her desire," said Vajranga.

"It would be so," said Brahma.

As soon as the vision of the Lord disappeared, the happy Vajranga returned to his wife and assured her that she would have her heart's wish fulfilled.

Indeed, Varangi gave birth to a son who bore all the signs of proving himself a terror to the earth and heaven. In fact, the very moment of his birth was marked by an earthquake.



The horizons were ablaze with a weird light. A cyclone followed, uprooting innumerable trees.

The demon-child was named Tarak. He began growing up very fast. He was as strong as he was bulky.

"My son, meditate on Brahma and obtain a boon from him so that you can rule all the three spheres—the earth, the heavens, and the nether-world," one day Varangi instructed her son.

"I'd do so, mother," said the young demon. He selected a desolate place and got engrossed in meditation.

So deep was his concentration and so strong his will that the gods were afraid of the outcome of his penance. They went to Brahma and pleaded with him to appear before the demon so that he discontinued his penance.

Brahma appeared before Tarak and asked him what his desire was.

"Grant that I conquer all the three spheres. Also grant that I live forever," said the demon.

Brahma readily granted him his first prayer. But he showed reluctance to make him immortal.

When the demon realised that it would not be possible to get



the boon of immortality, he altered his prayer and begged that nobody should be able to kill him except Lord Shiva's son.

Brahma agreed to that and the demon returned to his palace immensely pleased. He knew that Shiva was an ascetic. There was no possibility of his ever having a son. So, the boon he had received amounted to a boon of immortality!

Soon Tarak led a martial expedition against the gods in heaven. He defeated Indra as well as the other gods. Thereafter he marched in all the four directions and obliged all the



kings to admit their allegiance to him.

Tarak ruled as a proud king from his capital at Shonitnagar. But he derived much pleasure from harassing the sages and the gods, a demon that he was. There was nobody bold enough to question his conduct.

This explains why it had become imperative that Shiva had a son.

Parvati continued to attend upon Shiva with great devotion. Mount Kailash grew beautiful with her presence. The attendants of Shiva, all the supernatural beings, were delighted to have her amidst them. They looked upon her as their mother.

Parvati regularly went to the peak in the morning and spent her day there, arranging flowers and fruits for Shiva and, when she had nothing else to do,

simply standing guard upon him. In the evening she returned to her parents, happy at having done her cherished duty.

Although Tarak remained at Shonitnagar and allowed Indra to continue as the ruler of heaven, Indra was no more a sovereign ruler. He was subordinate to the demon. This was a humiliating position for the gods and they groaned with anguish. One day, at the advice of their guru, Brihaspati, the gods met Brahma and sought his intervention.

"None but a son of Shiva can kill the demon. Now, Shiva must realise that Parvati is the incarnation of Sati, his late consort. He must marry Parvati and should have the desire for a son. Go and see what you can do about it," advised Brahma.

To be Continued.





INNOCENT ACTIONS

Shambhu was a simpleton. In his own village all knew his nature so well that nobody was prepared to employ him in any work.

But poor Shambhu must earn his livelihood. He went away to Jankipur, a prosperous village bordering the town. There he found work with a rich farmer named Prasad. He was required to lead his cattle into the meadow, watch them graze there and lead them back to his master's shed before dusk.

One evening, after he had driven the cattle back to the shed, it was found that an old cow was missing.

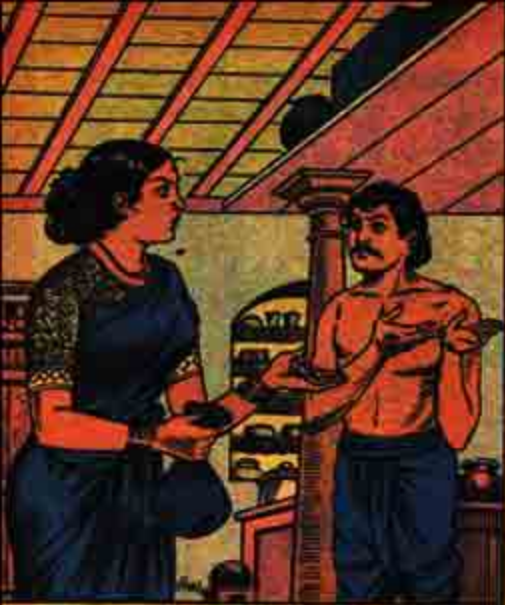
"Go you at once and return with the cow. Only then you

shall eat," said Gauri, his master's wife.

Shambhu had had his food in the morning only. He was awfully hungry. It would have been much better to let him eat first and then send him in search of the cow. As such, it was natural for him to feel tired after only a round of the meadow. But he was afraid of facing Gauri without the cow. He sprawled on the veranda of a deserted temple between the village and the meadow.

At midnight he woke up at some voices. In the moonlight he saw two able-bodied men shifting a slab of stone and sinking a pouch into a hole.

"Let it lie here. We can re-



cover it after the sensation subsides," one told the other in a low tone. Then they replaced the slab.

Shambhu understood that they were thieves and they were hiding some treasure. As soon as the two departed, he removed the slab and picked up the pouch. It was quite heavy.

"My master's wife will forget the cow when she gets the prize," he thought and ran to meet Gauri.

At his knocks, Gauri opened the door and was about to rebuke him when he handed over the pouch to her. She carried it near a lamp and un-

fastened its string and looked into it. Her eyes grew bigger.

Shambhu informed her that he got it from the street. Then he asked for food.

"I am sorry to tell you, Shambhu, that I gave away the food meant for you to a beggar, since you were so late in coming back. Go to sleep now. I shall cook a good dish for you in the morning," Gauri said.

Shambhu sighed and retired. Gauri then showed the pouch to her husband. It was full of sets of dazzling ornaments.

"Good God! These must have been stolen from some wealthy man's house. We will be in great trouble if found out," said Prasad.

"How can anyone know that these are with us?" asked Gauri, unwilling to part with the wind-fall.

"It is Shambhu who will go on spreading the news. He is totally undependable!" said Prasad.

Gauri thought for a moment and said, "Very well, see how I tackle Shambhu!" She then emptied the pouch and filled it with broken bricks. Shambhu was asleep. She woke him and said, "What on earth

you bring this pouch to me? It is full of bricks!"

Shambhu, crestfallen, said, "But I thought it contained some precious goods!"

"Go and bury it again," said Gauri.

Shambhu proceeded to the deserted temple and sank the pouch in the hole. But when he was leaving the place, the thieves saw him. They grew suspicious and followed him. They marked where he went. Back at the temple, they opened the pouch and saw its content gone! They stood cursing and fuming.

In the morning it was known

that there had been a burglary in the palace. The queen's ornaments were stolen. The king announced a reward of ten thousand rupees for anyone who could give some clue to catching the burglars.

The announcement made Prasad panicky. But Gauri gave him courage saying that the burglary would soon be forgotten.

A few days passed. Gauri could no longer check her temptation to wear the ornaments. One night she put them on and saw herself in the mirror. She felt extremely elated.

Just then Shambhu, who was



in the process of falling asleep, heard some footsteps. Soon he saw two fellows stealthily proceeding towards Gauri's room. One of them knocked on her door and said, "Open, will you?"

"Who is it?" asked Gauri from inside.

"Can't you recognise your brother's voice?" said the fellow assuming a loving tone.

"My brother! At such unearthly hour!" exclaimed Gauri while opening the door.

Shambhu had recognised the fellows. They were the burglars.

The burglars entered the room. Gauri shrieked and tried to prevent their entry, but could not. The burglars pushed her to the wall and tied her with a rope. They did the same to her husband when he rushed in.

They relieved Gauri of the

ornaments. But, ready to leave, they found the door bolted from outside.

Shambhu, after bolting the door, ran to inform the village guards of the incident. The guards reached the spot and took hold of the burglars. In the morning they were produced before the king.

Shambhu realised that Gauri had bluffed him. What he had given her were not bricks but ornaments. He narrated the events before the king. The thieves were thrown into gaol, Prasad and Gauri were punished with a heavy fine for taking possession of the stolen goods.

The king found Shambhu's actions quite innocent. He was rewarded with ten thousand rupees. He was also appointed to a post in the palace!



A dark, atmospheric illustration showing a man in a blue tunic and a woman in a yellow dress carrying a pale, lifeless body on their shoulders. They are walking through a dark, dense forest with gnarled trees and hanging vines. In the background, several pale, ghostly faces are visible, watching them. The scene is lit with a low, yellowish light, creating a sense of mystery and horror.

*New Tales of King Vikram,
and the Vampire*

THE ENEMY PRINCE

Dark was the night and fearful the atmosphere. Rumbling of thunders and hissing of the fierce breeze were interspersed with the moaning of jackals and hyenas. At times could be heard the weird laughter of some spirits. Flashes of lightning revealed their ghastly faces.

But King Vikram showed no sign of fear. He climbed the old tree and brought the corpse down. Then, throwing the corpse on his shoulder, he began crossing the desolate cremation ground.

Suddenly said the vampire that possessed the corpse: "O King, I'm afraid, you are taking such pains inspired by someone's false promise. But, know this that often people go back on their promises. Take the case of King Vijay, for example. Let me narrate to you the episode concerning him."





The vampire went on: King Vijay ruled over Simhapuri. His daughter, Princess Arunkumari, was as beautiful as she was intelligent.

"I would like my daughter to marry the prince who would excel all the other princes in the science of warfare and wit. Do the needful." The king said this to his minister. The minister sent invitations to all the princes of the neighbouring kingdoms. The one who was not invited was the prince of Suchalpur, a kingdom that bordered Simhapur. The two dynasties were hereditary enemies.

However, the prince of Suchalpur, Kamalkumar, had heard much about the princess. He had a great desire to marry her. Uninvited though, he joined the assembly of princes.

Kamalkumar had some good friends among the other princes. They did not disclose his identity. Kamalkumar was a highly courageous lad. He was sharp in intelligence too. He participated in the competition along with the other princes.

Throughout the competition it is he who stole the show. He received frequent applauses. The host, King Vijay, has amazed with the achievement of the young man. He looked at his daughter smiling. The princess also looked immensely pleased.

And it so happened that it was Kamalkumar who excelled all in all the tests.

As soon as the tests were over, Princess Arunkumari stepped forward and put a garland around Kamalkumar's neck.

"I congratulate you, young man, but who are you?" asked King Vijay, hugging Kamalkumar.

"I am the prince of Suchalpur, my lord," answered Kamalkumar.

At once King Vijay pushed him out of his embrace and, trembling with rage, said, "Prince of Suchalpur? How dared you come here? Go away at once, or you die!"

"You have no right to insult me. Since I have fulfilled the conditions laid down by you, I am entitled to marry the princess," shouted Kamalkumar drawing out his sword.

The king too unsheathed his sword. The two fought a fierce battle. After a while Kamalkumar's sword made a wound on the king's arm. The king stopped fighting.

At once Kamalkumar took

hold of the princess and made her get onto his horse. Then he galloped away as fast as the wind.

But the king did not accept this lying down. He mobilised his army. Next day he was seen advancing towards the castle of Suchalpur.

Soon he was confronted by Prince Kamalkumar and the army of Suchalpur. Both the armies were about to pounce on each other when the king noticed his daughter riding side by side with Kamalkumar, ready to assist the prince.

The king threw away his sword and raised his hand call-



ing for peace. He advanced leaving his army behind and was respectfully received by the prince. He spent the day in the castle of Suchalpur and arranged for a formal celebration of his daughter's marriage with Kamalkumar with due pomp and show.

The vampire paused and then challenged the king with his questions: "How do you explain the conduct of King Vijay? How is it that he fought Kamalkumar even though Kamalkumar had fulfilled all the conditions? Again, out to attack Suchalpur, why did he give up his plan? Answer my questions, if you can. If you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answers, your head would roll off your shoulders!"

King Vikram answered forthwith: "There is no riddle in the

king's conduct. Prince Kamalkumar had no right to participate in the trials since he had not been invited. It was not the king who began the duel. The prince, by drawing out his sword, instigated the king to draw out his.

"It was natural for the king to attack Suchalpur since his daughter had been taken away in a forcible manner. Prudent that he was, he stopped fighting the moment he realised that his daughter loved Kamalkumar and was ready to assist him in the battle. A wise man does not relish enmity with a neighbour. This was an opportunity for the king to become friendly with Suchalpur."

As soon as the king finished giving the answers, the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



BRIHADEESWARA TEMPLE

Thanjavur, the glorious capital of the Cholas between 10th and 14th centuries, has many temples. The most important among them is the Brihadeeswara Temple.

The cupola of the temple is carved out of a single granite block, weighing 80 tons. The Vimana rises perpendicularly from a square base to a height of 50 feet and "then tapers off to a total height of 190 feet".

A gigantic figure of the bull of Shiva, Nandi—the largest sculpture of its kind in the whole country—stands before the portals.



A LAW DISCOVERED

It was evening. The townsfolk were out for an easy stroll. Fashionable ladies walked with smart-looking men. In squares and parks gentlemen stood in clusters.

Suddenly they heard an unusual shout. It was followed by the sound of fast footsteps.

Yes, someone was running, all the while exclaiming a word, *Eureka!* But what amazed and amused all, he ran naked!

Was the fellow mad? They would have thought so had they not known him. He was Archimedes, a renowned scientist and philosopher.

The King of Syracuse had given a certain quantity of gold to a goldsmith for making a crown. But he suspected that the goldsmith had mixed silver with his gold. He had asked Archimedes to find out if it was so.

At first, Archimedes did not know how to find out. While entering a pool that was full to its brim, it occurred to him in a flash that any solid matter, when placed in water, removed a quantity of water that matched its bulk. The bulk of a pound of silver was bigger than the bulk of a pound of gold. Hence, if silver was mixed in the crown, it would displace more water when it is sunk in water!

He forgot his clothes. He ran home shouting *Eureka!*—"I have got it!"
A new law was born. This happened in the 3rd century B.C.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. SURESH S. VAI

Mr. V. Arun Kumar

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 25/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The prize for the February '79 goes to :

Mr. S. V. Rao, DII/44 Andrews Colony,
NEW DELHI - 110 049.

The Winning Entry: Bridal Lace' — 'Floral Grace'



PICKS FROM
OUR MAIL BAG

Dear Sir,

The day I discovered the *Chandamama* in a public library will ever remain a memorable day in my life. I rushed to the nearest magazine stall and bought a copy. Since then the magazine has become a must for myself and my students. As a teacher I find that the best way to let our students know the Indian heritage and to teach them chaste prose is to introduce them to the *Chandamama*. Will you please do something to ensure that the magazine reaches every High School and College?

A Teacher, Pondicherry

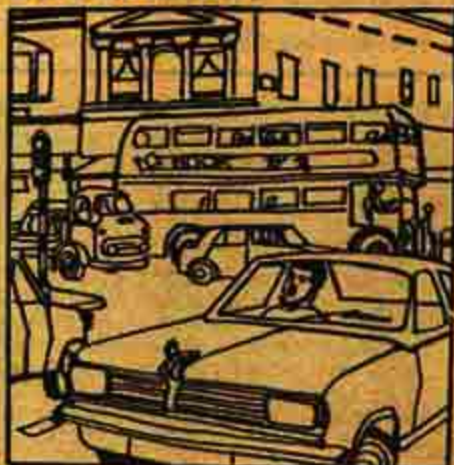
People of goodwill like you, we are sure, will do the needful.

PUZZLE TIME

Can you name these horned creatures and discover which is the odd one out?



SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



Answers: 1. Antelope; 2. Bison; 3. Unicorn; 4. Reindeer; 5. Stag; 6. Beetle; 6. Rhinoceros. The odd one out is the unicorn because it is legendary and the others are real.



B. Nagi Reddi
presents
a new classic

SWARAG NARAK

CASTING DIRECTOR BY PUNIMOVIER



A Film by VIJAYA PRODUCTIONS

Story: Anant Nay & Bhausa
DASARI NARAYANA RAO

Two facets of life.

**TWO COUPLES CAUGHT
IN THE WHIRL POOL OF LIFE!**

**-AND THE OTHER
CONQUERED IT
WITH A SMILE.**

Music: RAJESH RUSHAN

Lyrics: ANAND BAKSHI

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

Dialogues: RAJ BALDEV RAJ

Photography: P. L. RAO

Art: S. KRISHNA RAO

Editing: K. BALU

Dance: SURESH BHATT & SAAMI

Production Controller: M. VEERAMADHAVULU

Stills: B.N. NAGANAJA RAO, K. NARASIMHA RAO

and A. SHANKAR RAO

Studio: VIJAYA-VASINCHI



POPPINS PAPER PLEASURE

Here are Ram & Shyam
to teach you a few tricks—
things to do with paper
for fun and kicks.

Windmill Wonder

You will need: square
of thin cardboard,
scissors, a nail or pin,
hammer, button, bamboo
cane, pencil, ruler.



Steps to make:

Draw 2 diagonal lines from
corner to corner across
the square cardboard paper.
Make cuts from each corner
towards the centre—be sure
cuts are half the length of
one side of square.

Fold each corner into the
centre, press nail or pin
through the centre of the paper,
catching in all the corners.



Thread button on at the
back, hang nail to
bamboo cane. Leave
good room for windmill
to turn. Have fun!!



POPPINS

Fruity Fun
Lickable...Likeable...Lovable



It's Fruity Fun
Share it
with your friends

